

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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WHOLE NO. 153.

The Poet's Corner.

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumbers from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie;
Nothing their sound shall signify;
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain;
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;
Sooner or later in summer air
Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel, in that deep-laid rest,
The sheeting light fall over my breast,
Nor even note, in those hidden hours,
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their rush to my mute repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift,
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That wrecks not the sweet and sacred dread,
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with its golden hum;
Sooner or later, on half-poised wing,
The blue bird's warble about me ring.

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music means to me;
None of these beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight;
Sooner or later the darkling dew
Catch the white sparks in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow—
Sooner or later—oh, why not now?

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PILGRIMAGE.

With pilgrim staff and hat I went
Afar through Orient lands to roam,
My years of pilgrimage are spent,
And this the word I bring you home;
The pilgrim's staff ye need not crave
To seek God's Cradle or His Grave;
But seek within you—there shall be
His Bethlehem and Calvary!

O, heart, what helps it to adore
His Cradle where the sunrise glows?
Or what avail to kneel before
The Grave whence long ago He rose?
That He should find in thee a birth,
That thou shouldst seek to die to earth,
And live to Him;—this, this must be
Thy Bethlehem and Calvary.

FRIEDRICH RUCKERT.

A Chicago boy, being asked if he had a mother, said he didn't know, as he hadn't been home since morning, and when he left his father and mother were quarreling, with odds in favor of his father, as he had the hatchet in his hand.

Our Special Contributors.

CATHERINE BEECHER, MRS. STOWE, GEORGE SAND.

BY T. E. N.

"Prove all things—hold fast that which is good."

Some twenty years since, a visitor brought to our house a new book, entitled "Truth Stranger than Fiction," by Catherine Beecher. The title was attractive to my somewhat juvenile ears, and I seized upon it; but imagine my chagrin and disappointment, prepared as I was for an entertaining, marvelous story, to find that it was an account of the sayings and doings, and the comings and goings, with extracts from letters which had passed between a lady and gentleman whom the world had for sometime regarded as betrothed, though the connection was finally broken off. It seemed that the gentleman was a young minister, and Miss Beecher thought he had abused the lady, and had acted very wickedly, and she straightway determined to have justice done though the heavens fell.

The book was written and published, though the author says the lady besought her with terror and tears not to do it. Whether it taught all women to beware of ministers, or frightened all the ministerial profession into good behavior, or purified them from such sort of sins, the public must judge.

The names in full of the parties were not given, but the true initials were, and every one in the city where they lived, or its vicinity, knew who was meant. There is no lady of any delicacy who would not prefer to suffer almost any amount of injustice and wrong, rather than to have her most sacred, personal affairs paraded before the public, and it seemed to me such an entirely personal matter, the merits or demerits of which it was difficult, if not impossible, for outside people to judge correctly; and the writing of the book was in such bad taste, gave such evidence of perverted judgment, and was such a shocking interference with the right of individuals to keep their own affairs to themselves, that I was terribly outraged, and exhausted some eloquence in condemnation of the book.

Since then I have acquired a good many new ideas—changed some, and matured others—but I have never changed my mind on this matter; and though I have since read many fine things from Miss Beecher's pen, I have never been in danger of thinking her infallible.

My remembrance of the book had lain in a dormant state for some time, till one day last year, tearing the envelope from a new *Atlantic Monthly*, and looking it over, I came to "The true Story of Lord Byron." As I finished its reading I handed it to a friend, saying, "Here is another truth stranger than fiction;" a Beecher spasm to right the wrongs of the world.

This was before I had read a comment on

the article, or had the least idea it would create such a *furor* on both sides of the Atlantic. But putting aside its truth or falsity, it seemed just such another unnecessary piece of work as "Truth Stranger than Fiction," something that could be so well let alone—if it was not absolutely a breach of faith, to speak—that I wondered any one could feel called upon to give time and strength to the revelation. People of ordinary intelligence throughout the world had come, I think, to have a just appreciation of both Lord and Lady Byron. No one questioned the sweet goodness of Lady Byron, while Lord Byron was regarded as a man of brilliant talents, with a strange contradictory nature, full of faults and follies, but withal, many noble, lovable traits; one to whom they were willing to apply the words of sweet, large charity, which Whittier wrote of another:

"The Lord's sweet pity with him go,
The outward, wayward life we see
The hidden springs we may not know;
Nor is it given us to divine
What threads the fatal sisters spun;
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow, with the manhood born;
What forged his cruel chain of moods?
But he, who knows our frame, is just,
Merciful, and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances,
And hope for all; the language is
That he remembers we are dust!"

This piece of gossip was thoroughly ventilated and the excitement abated, and again my aroused feelings and opinions, generated by these texts, had settled into a calm, without culminating in anything but a fire side expression, till on taking up a number of *The Woman's Journal* not long since, they came to an overflowing pitch on reading an item by Mrs. Stowe, in which, with a flourish of the pen, she demolishes George Sand, saying the worst things possible: that her name was unworthy a place in a woman's journal, etc.

I know a common individual, unknown to fame, having achieved no reputation, should feel becoming diffidence in making comments and criticisms not wholly idolatrous upon the writings of authors, who are universally acknowledged celebrities, and whose opinions are almost universally considered beyond dispute; thus it is with a suitably nervous tremor I give printed publicity to some cherished private opinions.

I think it is slightly presuming for even Mrs. Stowe to pass such unmerciful and unchristian condemnation on a woman who has for years stood the test of so much criticism, and to-day is considered by some of the most cultured men and women of our times—not only a charming writer, but one of the best and noblest representatives of her sex. Justin McCarthy says: "George Sand has been, beyond any possible comparison, the most influential woman writer—perhaps the most influential writer whatever—of our day. George Sand's power has stamped itself deeply into the mind, the morals, the manners, the very legislation of every civilized country in the

world." Now, if half of this is true, it is quite absurd for any one to expect to annihilate her or her influence easily.

I read "Consuelo" before I knew anything of its author. To me it was a great revelation. I was not only charmed with its poetry and romance, but it was to me the cry of a great spirit, which had been taught by sad personal experience what was highest, truest, and purest in love and life, and was brave enough to proclaim it. Thus forming my judgment of her and her writings by the effect her books had upon myself, I was perfectly astounded at the condemnation meted out to her; I saw how illy she was comprehended, and from what a low plane of thought the barbed arrows were hurled upon her. But I have no need to make a plea for George Sand; she has abler interpreters and advocates, besides her life and writings are her own best defence, and speak for themselves—and let them speak. If Mrs. Stowe's opinion is of any value, she has read them, it is to be presumed, without detriment to soul or body; and if she can do it, it is reasonable to suppose others may.

I have no wish, as I have no expectation, of taking a single laurel from the brow of Miss Beecher or Mrs. Stowe; and they are only two of the many leading minds among men and women who have dazzled us for a time by their brightness and perfection, till suddenly we have found they were human, liable to err. With a little sting of pain I remember one of silver speech and glowing eloquence, who seemed wiser than most others to discover high truth, and braver to proclaim it, and how many times I have said, "If I must, unquestioned, follow any one, it would be him, and that the first time I exercised my right of woman's suffrage, it would be to cast a vote to place him in the highest office within the gift of the American people—alas! to-day I am not sure I could do it. I have a great deal of hero-worship; most of us have, I think, more or less. We set up our idols, and though idol-worship is not in accordance with the orthodox faith, we don't like to dethrone them or see them fall from their pedestals; we don't like to lose any faith or confidence in those upon whose opinions we have rather fashioned and pinned our own; but for all that, it is a healthful lesson to learn, that great men, great women, great writers, great statesmen and philanthropists, do sometimes take strange positions, and say many absurd and foolish things—in short, are much like the rest of humanity; and after all, our best and only safe way is in all freedom of investigation to abide by our own sense of right, letting fall the glamour of greatness from our eyes; and in consideration and application of all these matters, I wish to take this occasion to say to the men and women of the world—read, think for yourselves. Do not ignore books or ideas, because anybody, however good, literary, reliable or renowned they may be, brands them as immoral or infidel. Open wide the pages of books, and give generous hospitality to thoughts of all kinds; you are not as easily contaminated as you think, and if your principles or opinions stand upon such a tottering basis that they cannot bear investigation, they had better be swept away, and you begin anew the palace of Truth on the eternal foundations of justice and love.

A great woman's rights fair is to be held in Boston during the holidays.

MAIN AND SIDE ISSUES.

BY AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

The following communication was suggested by an article in the *Woman's Journal*, headed "Tardy News," written by T. W. Higginson, in which he quotes from the *New York Daily Standard*, and commends the sentiments, only putting in the plea that the woman suffrage party has been purged of its heresies by the labors of the Boston organ and organization. If my reflections have a savor of bitterness, it is because up to this time I had associated Higginson in my thought with a Bayard and a Sidney. So you will pardon me if the sudden tumble of my idol has soured my usually sweet temper.

The charges made against the party by the *Standard* were two, and if true—and Higginson confesses that in the past they have been—it deserves, and must expect, rebuke from such a tried and true friend as John Russell Young: First. "The whole movement was turned aside for a moment, to secure the pardon of a young woman guilty of murder." Second. "A disreputable love-life infuses itself into all the political theories of women." This last offence is heinous, indeed, for it is truly a mysterious and nameless horror, passing all comprehension.

We are assured that the ballot is a panacea for all our wrongs, and disinterestedly and gratuitously advised how to secure it past all peradventure. We are to confine ourselves to "logical argument and deductions." This advice wears a somewhat sinister and jesuitical aspect, when we consider how undeveloped and untrained are the reason and judgment of by far the larger number of those whom we address. Why not appeal to such faculties, capacities and susceptibilities as our rulers mainly possess? Why not set forth the advantage it will give the Republicans in a longer lease of office? Our opponents are intrenched behind stout walls of passion and prejudice, against which the artillery of "logical argument" avails little. Now and then Mrs. Stanton, Gail Hamilton and Anna Dickinson send a bombshell into their garrison, and oblige them to sally forth and meet the suffrage champions on a fair field. With all due respect and courtesy, fair sirs, we must still insist on choosing our own weapons.

We are permitted to ask for the ballot as a remedy for our wrongs, and in a vague, general, nebulous, impersonal way, to make some allusion to them; but no specific charges, if you please. Somebody's feelings might be hurt, you see.

Why, in the anti-slavery struggle, was there allowed such waste of energy and passion as made vital Whittier's poems of the Branded Hand, the Crisis, and the appeal of Massachusetts to Virginia? Why such a scathing fire of invective and denunciation as Phillips sent hurling through the scared and sullen ranks of the slave power? Nor have we forgotten Mrs. Stowe's "extravagant advocacy" of poor, ignorant, old, black "Uncle Tom." And yet John Stuart Mill has said, "No slave is a slave to the same lengths and in so full a sense of the word as a wife is." Alas, the rarity of such insight!

We are simply amazed when we find a man with sympathies so wide, and intuitions so fine, that he has been compelled to follow woman into the deepest abyss of her misery,

and there, with strong and tender hand, to attempt her rescue from what he has feelingly described as the lowest degradation which a human being can be made to suffer. But T. W. Higginson endures our burdens with commendable equanimity, and not as bound with us; he "masters his grief" with a firm hand.

Let me recall for a moment the methods of the Republican party while working to secure the ballot for the negro. Every journal gave us accounts of the outrage and oppression to which the freedmen were subject. Why did they not confine themselves to "logical argument and deductions," and eschew shrieking?"

There are three specially important demands beside that for the ballot, which THE REVOLUTION, if I mistake not, makes on behalf of women: that they be protected in their right to participate in all the educational advantages of their country; in their right to labor in any calling they have the desire and ability to follow; and in their right to perfect equality in the marriage relation. These are the "side issues" which Mr. Higginson so complacently declares "shelved." THE REVOLUTION, none better, understands that in order of time the claim for the ballot takes precedence.

But it is useless to debate the comparative value of these different demands when, strictly speaking, they are independent; there is no first nor last, and all are of vital necessity. The chief value of the suffrage, then, is that women may make it a stepping-stone to other ends. Hence, to awaken and keep alive a zealous demand for the ballot, it is necessary to hold steadily before the people the various advantages we rely on obtaining through its means.

Let me hope this harem-scarem bugbear of free-love may not drive THE REVOLUTION from its purpose. Before any just understanding of the marriage question can be reached, there will need brave work in clearing away the rubbish of decayed custom and tradition, and a free discussion of the nature and object of the institution. The *Independent*, it seems, is not afraid to admit articles calling in question the wisdom of our laws and social customs as regards marriage and divorce. It is just possible that our Boston friends have been needlessly alarmed. True, they were denounced as free-lovers by all the riff-raff of the Vermont bar-rooms; and some of the number being raw recruits, it is not perhaps surprising that a sudden panic fell upon them. But calling names is a childish mode of warfare; and if, instead of adopting the pusillanimous tactics of the ostrich, they had stood their ground, they would have sustained no loss.

It is idle to suppose that the *Tribune* will give us aid. That malignant combination of circumstances by which it was so seriously involved—to the great disgust of its chief editor—in the McFarland-Richardson case, has made necessary a free use of disinfectants and detergents. Now that the sanctum is swept and garnished, and newly whitewashed, it is absurd to imagine they will hold communication with any of the "suspect," lest seven more devils enter in and take possession, and their last state be worse than their first. So no matter how bitter the injustice under which some woman—as unfortunate as Mrs. Richardson—may writhe, or how pressing her need

to gain a hearing, all chances in that quarter are at an end.

The first chapter of Mrs. Stowe's new story has just reached me, and I sincerely hope it may place in its true light an institution of which she says in her introduction: "It is in everybody's mind and mouth, discussed on every platform, surging from everybody's tongue, and coming home to every man's business and bosom." She has shadowed forth her treatment, when she speaks of it as "the symbol chosen by Almighty Love to represent his eternal union with the soul of man." How, in that view of the relation, she disposes of second, third, fourth and fifth marriages, it is impossible to foretell. But as she is understood to derive the laws of morality from authority, she, doubtless, will find, in the severe condemnation of the Samaritan woman by Jesus, a sufficient guide to the exposition of that branch of her subject. The law being thus definitely laid down for her, she has no difficulty as to the main principles.

There are those, however, who will not be satisfied with such methods. This is what some one must yet do, and I admit the work is an arduous one for many reasons. Some trained and independent intellect must begin at the other end; examine the nature and constitution of man—his intuitions and sense of obligation, and to what ultimate end he lives; study the record of human action, and note the uniform results; and thus find the law, which, if obeyed, will secure order and harmony, even in the peculiarly complicated and delicate relations of the sexes.

IMPEDIMENTS TO WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

BY MARY L. CLOUGH.

The great trouble is we are cramped on every side by conventionalities and customs. Should the women of America be permitted to vote to-day, there would still remain many impediments to their real progress. These must be removed before they can take their true position in the world. Many social evils should be done away with and old-time prejudices destroyed, and customs discarded, before woman can arrive at her true dignity. Her sphere of action should be as wide as that of men. It should be both customary and proper for her to select from the whole range of honorable pursuits that for which she is best fitted in mind, taste, and ability, *not* that into which she is apparently forced by circumstances and an undue social pressure, so general that it is hardly felt to be a wrong. "But," says the careful Benedict, "I have no objection to the more extended province of women, only let my wife attend to *her* affairs, and leave me the undisputed control of *my own*." But there is just this difference between the positions of the parties: *He* chooses *his own* vocation, independently exercising his will to the furtherance of his interests and inclinations, and the event of his marriage changes little, or not at all, the plan of his operations.

On the other hand, *her* vocation is irrevocably thrust upon her by the customs of the land and the law of her husband. In other words, marriage for her is a renunciation of all worldly ambition, hopes, likes or callings outside the home. "Let her attend to her affairs." But you, dear B., are kind enough to inform her what those affairs are, what her business in life shall be; then, like a horse in a tread-

mill, she can be left to perform it. I rather think if some one should choose for you your occupation, irrespective of your desires, you would be astonished at the insolence, and bravely combat such tyranny; but you do not pause to consider that marriage puts your wife in a state of domestic servitude, coercing her into an employment for which she may have no taste or talent. Who shall say that every woman is naturally calculated to be a house-keeper, cook, chambermaid, laundress or seamstress? Yet most women are not one, but *all* of these.

A woman is quite as likely to have her own distinctive tastes and talents as a man. She just as often has mechanical, literary or artistic genius as her brother, yet all this must succumb to the more important office of domestic drudgery. Few women have ever excelled in any important pursuit, because always surmounting it were the household cares and responsibilities. I think the one who has really succeeded in gaining a lofty position in the world is a wonder; for instead of possessing that oneness of purpose, characterizing the great, *her* mind has been divided among a variety of professions.

Marriage is a divinely appointed institution. I would not for a moment be understood to affirm that celibacy is the most complete and noblest condition of life; but *I do say* that marriage is not what it should be. It is not the precipitation of two dissimilar natures into the beautiful whole that it has been described to be. It is not the assimilation of two sentient, independent beings that it ought to be. It is an unequal compact where subjection is demanded on the one side, and fawningly yielded on the other. It makes little difference whether the wife is the servant or the petted plaything; the *principle* is the same, and the slavery equally odious in either case.

Women who have an aim or object in life, a longing for active business, or a dream of art enshrined within their bosoms, are excessively wary about entering this bondage; and it is a remarkable fact that a large majority of the women who have acquired distinction in any honorable art or calling, have remained single, and thus able to devote themselves more especially to their object. Heaven only knows how many lives have been lost to the world that might have blessed and beautified it in a wider range; how many noble spirits have pined away in an uncongenial atmosphere, or dwindled into nothingness for want of nourishment, ground down for ages with all the enervating influence of generations of wrong education and tyranny, dwarfing the mind and soul. What wonder that many women of the present day are ignorant, even of their oppression, and, like some of the benighted Southern slaves, do not desire their own freedom?

When two souls are joined together in holy wedlock, each according to the other—freedom of will and independent action—sharing equally the cares and burdens of domestic life; growing strong by mutual confidence and esteem; neither chafing beneath the cramping, belittling restraint of the other; both doing the best they can with life and its opportunities; *that is true marriage*, the sanctified relation God instituted between the sexes. We may vote, but the mass of women will still be slaves till they assert their true dignity, and insist on a renovation of the customs that disgrace the world.

Let the girls be educated rationally, and en-

couraged to study some trade or profession by which they can earn a livelihood. Drop the old ridiculous error of instilling into their minds the idea that marriage is their only hope or object on earth—their only method of securing an honorable maintenance. Let them be informed concerning all physical and social matters that pertain to their after-lives, and receive such instructions as will enhance their future comfort and safety. Give them plenty of out-of-door exercise that will strengthen their muscles, harden the bones, and vivify the frame; *then* there will be women worthy of the name, not lackadaisical dolls, with feeble bodies and vacant minds. Then marriage will arrive at its legitimate dignity, for it will no longer be embraced by women as a matter of convenience, the only respectable way of getting a living. And men will learn that to call a true woman wife, he must consider her his equal partner in the duties and business of life.

Suppose a man and woman marry whose entire capital is health, energy, and a knowledge of some branch or branches of industry. After the marriage, the man goes on as usual with his business, and in time becomes wealthy and honored. The wife leaves the employment she understands, and enters an apprenticeship in her husband's kitchen, vexing her temper by the trumpery details of house-keeping; dwarfing her mind by constant attention to affairs below her inclinations, she mends, cooks, washes, takes care of babies, and in a few years degenerates from the blithe, hopeful maiden to a fretful, sickly, discouraged, over-worked, shallow-minded woman, whose whole mental resources are called in requisition, planning to cut Johnny a pair of trousers from papa's old ones; so by the time the husband has succeeded in securing a competency, and sharpened and polished by intercourse with the world, enters into the full satisfaction of his plenty, the poor wife has neither health, spirits or temper to enjoy their prosperity, and the family peace is broken; happiness is unattainable; the united life is a failure. No doubt many women have domestic tastes, and it is right for them to indulge them; and it is a beautiful thing to see a wife and mother contented with the labors of home; but for *this* poor creature of my supposition (a type of many American women) how much better it would have been for her to have still pursued her congenial occupation, the profit of which would have more than covered the necessary expense of house labor, and rescued her from the degrading effect of constant employment that weaned her thoughts from their natural nobility. Should the objection be made that her children would thus be robbed of a mother's care and attention, I would still insist that with regular hours of business, either in or out of her own house, any woman (with good domestics) would have more leisure for the training of her children than if she were worn out and vexed by housework. As there are plenty whose genius is only for the kitchen, let us not sacrifice our noblest hearts. Let not woman prove traitor to their noblest instincts and impulses. Let a woman have resources as well as a man; some means of earning a livelihood; some chance of equal wages with men, and they will not be in so great a hurry to marry as to, nine times out of ten, mistake in every essential the man of their choice for their ideal husband. Then when two persons join their destinies, there will be some genuine attraction that brings them together, some congeniality of nature, and (scout the term as you will) affinity of souls.

Notes About Women.

—THE REVOLUTION is growing and thriving. Make a note of that.

—Chicago recently allowed a woman to die of starvation.

—Kate Field converses fluently in French, German, and Italian.

—Mrs. Susan B. Anthony had one vote for Lieutenant-Governor in Boston.

—The Princess Marie Amelie, second daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, died recently in her 20th year.

—Why are country girls' cheeks like a good print dress? Because they are warranted to wash and retain their color.

—The project of admitting women to the Medical University at Edinburgh has received the express disapproval of the Queen.

—The Female College at Wheeling, West Virginia, has had one hundred and twenty-two pupils during the past quarter.

—The Iowa papers compare Miss Fletcher, the new lecturer, with Frederick Douglass, Theodore Tilton, and Wendell Phillips.

—Mrs. Bloomer writes that the woman suffragists are all in working order in Iowa, and that we may expect to see the fur fly shortly.

—Anna Dickinson says she is tired of being abused by newspaper men. She gives fair warning that hereafter all such shall receive tit for tat.

—A woman should always remember that her clothes should be in expense and quality proportioned to her own circumstances, and not those of her neighbor.

—Mrs. Palisser, well known for her "History of Lace," is bringing out in England a curious work, copiously illustrated, on "War Cries, Devices, Emblems, etc."

—Mrs. David Cahn, of San Francisco, raffled off a \$3,000 set of diamonds to aid the French cause, and her husband drew the prize, though there were three thousand other ticket-holders.

—A Woman's Co-operative Association at San Francisco has, during the past two years, earned a net profit of thirty per cent. on the capital invested, and given permanent employment to two hundred women.

—It now appears that when Gen. B. F. Butler married his first wife, mother of Blanche, she was Miss Sarah Hildreth, a Lowell girl, playing as "leading lady" at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, and described as amiable and highly accomplished, a favorite on and off the stage.

—Here is a sample of attentive, loving husbands:

"Mrs. Kelley, of Troy, died of heart disease, while her husband lay drunk in a corner of the hotel, and he didn't get sober enough to attend the funeral. It's enough to make any woman have heart disease to have a husband that wouldn't go to her funeral."

—The order of the Eastern Star, by which wives, widows, sisters, daughters, and mothers of Free Masons, if in distress or otherwise needing assistance, might by appropriate signs or passwords make themselves known, has been in existence in New York State for three years, and has grown so rapidly as to number now over twenty chapters. On Thursday evening last, the Grand Chapter of the State was organized with becoming ceremony.

—Men may learn from the following how deeply in earnest women are in their desire to secure the ballot:

"A Massachusetts woman declares that 'there are thousands of women who would walk barefoot from Berkshire to Barnstable, who would sacrifice party, social position, money, reputation, life itself, to establish woman suffrage in the old Bay State to-day.'"

—Fannie Talmadge, of Brooklyn, is quite prominent in Berlin at present as nurse in one of the military hospitals. The young lady is beautiful and highly accomplished, and is said to have been personally thanked for her valuable services by the king and queen of Prussia.

—We are going to ask a favor of our friends and subscribers, and that is that each person who now takes THE REVOLUTION shall try and induce one friend to send on the subscription price (only \$2.00) and receive our paper in return. This will be the readiest means of increasing our circulation and helping the good cause along.

—Mazzini thus addresses women:

"Let duty be your ground, both in protecting your unhappy sisters and in urging your political claims. You are children of God as we are. You have the same task to perform on this earth—the progressive discovery and progressive fulfillment of his law. You cannot fulfill your task without liberty, which is the source of responsibility. You cannot fulfill it without equality, which is liberty for each and all."

—We regret to notice that Mr. Samuel Bowles has given up the editorship of the Springfield Republican, and that his pen, which was always liberal and catholic toward all the common friends of woman's enfranchisement, has passed into the hands of Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who seems to be given up wholly to partisanship and misrepresentation.

—A number of determined Vendean Frenchwomen have formed themselves into a body, and taken the name of the "Legions of Judith." One of their number has addressed a letter to King William, beseeching him to hold his hand from stricken France. If he refuses to listen to her appeal, she declares that the "Legions of Judith" are prepared to fight for their country.

—Mrs. Ida Frances Leggett has been lecturing at Crown Point, Reservoir, Plattsburgh, and other places in the northern and western sections of the State. She writes that she scatters THE REVOLUTION wherever she goes, and finds the old opposition to the cause fast dying out. She has wedded woman's rights to temperance, and they march on conquering and to conquer.

—The Tribune says of Miss Edgerton's lecture at Steinway Hall in this city:

"She was charmingly attired; and, as she appeared unattended and unattended upon the platform, her youth and beauty made a most favorable impression. This neither the matter nor the manner of the lecture fully sustained. She lacks the oratorical magnetism which enables some ladies in the lecture-field to fire and sway an audience with their own enthusiasm; and to a good many, it must be confessed, the address seemed dull."

—The German women make use of the post to send all sorts of presents to their husbands, sons, and sweethearts. As letters are permitted up to sixteen ounces in weight, they enclose segars, chocolate, tea, and slippers. A pair of these are sent in two letters. It is said that one woman sent her husband a flannel shirt in six pieces and by six posts. The last letter contained the left sleeve, with the needles and thread for sewing the shirt together.

—The Woman's Journal, in referring to the Union Woman's Suffrage Society, calls it (with an air of disparagement) the Union Tilton Suffrage Society. That some newspaper might, with the same propriety, in speaking of the other organization, call it the American Stone Suffrage Association. This latter is the harder name of the two.

—Miss Sophia Mackintosh, a frequent editorial contributor to our paper, writes to a member of The Revolution Association, that during a journey she is now making in Canada she has met many friends of this journal, and that there are some fine minds in Montreal (resident Americans) who have given great attention to the woman's movement on this side of the Canadian line.

—The Cleveland Plain Dealer says:

"THE REVOLUTION newspaper—the organ of the women of the country—was represented at the convention here by an enterprising, indefatigable lady, who left no fair means untried to enlarge its circulation and contribute to its influence. Mrs. Kelsey is an agent that THE REVOLUTION can bet will never be driven off any field of labor they assign her. It was somewhat amusing to notice the various lady agents of the different papers plying their avocation with as much industry as if they were strong-minded men. These ladies know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them."

—The Boston Society has evidently hit upon the right woman for president. She is now in California, and she writes from that far-off region, flouting all radicalism as follows:

"I find that the conservative course of the American Association, and the wise moderation of the Woman's Journal, are arresting the attention of many who had hitherto looked upon the movement with great disfavor, not being able to separate the idea from the many social questions that now disturb the world."

Nor in the earlier days, when Mrs. Cutler, (then Mrs. Tracy) wrote in the *Una*, was she able (or willing) to separate "the movement" from "the many social questions that now disturb the world."

—Miss Anthony writes that the Detroit meeting was a "real old-fashioned good convention. Nobody was scared for fear some one would say something not legitimate." She says further that

"Mrs. Burleigh's speech was on the personal freedom of woman in marriage. I have never heard Mrs. Stanton herself speak more plainly nor splendidly for the right and the duties of the wife and mother to possess her own body, and intelligently hold it to the sacred uses of herself and her offspring. Everybody was delighted."

It appears from the above that Mrs. Burleigh is obliged to go away from her own organization, in order to express her deepest convictions.

—Another woman has won a victory. Miss Martha J. Lamb, author of "Aunt Mattie's Library," having occasion to delve for a literary purpose among the archives of the New York Historical Society, applied for membership in that institution. She found, to her surprise, that no woman's name was on its roll! This at first daunted her, but urged on by her necessities, she made bold to say that she wished to invest herself with all the privileges of full membership, and hoped she would not be refused. Her case involved an interesting question. Could a woman lawfully and properly have any interest in the history of her own country? It was finally determined that she ought to be elected. And we believe that everybody who voted for her was glad of the opportunity of testifying a proper respect for a good, earnest, and toilsome woman. We mention the fact of Miss Lamb's election because it reflects credit on the institution. But we wonder why the very gentlemanly managers never thought of so wise a thing as admitting women years before. How slow men are to learn!

—Data for making a full and satisfactory report of the meeting at Detroit came too late to be inserted in this week's issue. We were obliged to depend upon the meagre dispatches forwarded to the Eastern papers; but we now have in hand a mass of material, from which we intend to skim the cream on another occasion. The reports of this meeting show conclusively that the West is up and doing, and we look to it as to the promised land of woman.

—Moonshee Peury Lall, says the *Bombay Gazette*, has induced the Kayutz of Behar to agree to the following rules for the reduction of the marriage expenses: The bridegroom must not ask for more than 120 rupees on account of the betrothal present. His followers will be limited to 500, and will be regulated according to the means of the bride's family. All ceremonies will take place at daylight, and the bride and bridegroom will go home at once so as to avoid the expenditure of the second ceremony. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, at the request of the people, has directed local officers to encourage the movement.

—Out of some thirty cases for divorce, tried before the Court of Common Pleas in Cincinnati lately, eight of the charges made by wives against their husbands were for drunkenness and extreme cruelty, and nine cases were for desertion on the part of husbands. One man threatened to shoot his wife, and amused himself by beating her with a smoothing-iron. Another threatened violence until his wife was thrown into spasms. Another, a German woman, testified that her husband had attempted to starve her. These numerous complaints on the part of wives were opposed to seven, all told, made on the part of husbands.

—The following is a striking example of what, according to the opinions of some people not overstocked with heart or conscience, good wives ought to endure from their legal lords and masters. The conduct of the policeman mentioned is an excellent specimen of "how not to do it." He ought to be promoted at once:

"A drunken fiend named Dan Powers assaulted his wife in Bennington, Vt., last Friday night, while she was in bed, striking her with a huge knife, and inflicting eleven severe wounds about the head and breast. A big, cowardly loafer, lying in the next room, heard the cries of the woman, and knew what was going on, but did not dare to interfere. A policeman was called to arrest the murdering brute, but declined—because he did not like to 'interfere in family difficulties.'"

—Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony will doubtless experience a degree of melancholy pitiable to witness when they learn that Her Highness, the Princess Editha Loleta, Baroness Rosenthal and Countess of Lansfeldt, has taken ground against them on the suffrage question. Her high and mightiness, "clad in virgin white," warns "her small but appreciative audiences" against entering that "ramping, roaring sea called woman's rights." She grows wildly reprehensive over "this stalking through the land, entering homes, and tearing hearts," and declares that

"Feminine delicacy and grace would be lost when woman rushed to the polls as the despoiler of her own fair name, and of all hitherto held sacred."

It has been whispered about that in various houses where the Princess Editha has been entertained spoons have mysteriously disappeared. Now, we hold spoons as sacred; and should feel that any raid upon the plate of

another would be a signal instance of stepping out of our sphere. But then there is no accounting for tastes.

—Heigho! the *Woman's Journal* (in the absence of Mr. Higginson, Mr. Blackwell, and Mrs. Stone at the West) is out with a leading editorial on "Marriage and Divorce." This will never do! That paper should "stick to the point." It should not be diverted by "side issues." Its proper theme is suffrage. Mr. Blackwell introduced a special resolution at the Cleveland meeting, saying that the Boston Society and its newspaper would confine themselves exclusively to suffrage. But by a strange providence, at the very moment when he was engaged in reading this resolution, the *Woman's Journal* was coming off the press with an elaborate discussion of "Marriage and Divorce." How hard it is to harp all the heart's music on one string!

—A valuable pamphlet has come into our hands on the co-education of the sexes, which contains an address by Rev. James H. Fairchild, of Oberlin College, in which several strong points are made in favor of educating boys and girls together. Among them are the economy of teaching force and apparatus; the convenience to the patrons of the school, as brothers and sisters can be sent together; the wholesome incitements to study which dispenses with grades and prizes; the tendency to good order which the system evolves; the good order and morality insured to the young people of the town where the school is situated; and, more than all, the harmonious social relations which are cultivated by the students.

—"A female student the other day, at the Cincinnati hospital, was hissed two mornings, but stood up to her work with so much pluck, and was so respectfully treated by the professor, that the students backed down, and behaved like gentlemen."

If a man will insult a woman while engaged with her in the same scientific pursuit, he certainly is not fit ever to stand at a woman's bedside in the capacity of medical attendant. Nearly every female student of medicine is obliged to endure insults more or less galling from the half baked male sawbones with whom she is associated. There is no more forcible argument in favor of the necessity of women physicians than the low characteristics and want of gentlemanly attributes of the men who throng into the profession.

—A late number of the *Aroostook Pioneer* contains a valuable discourse on woman's needs by Rev. E. S. Elder, from which we clip the following:

"Parents do not teach their daughters the necessity of self-reliance. Parents do not encourage their daughters to depend upon themselves. They train their sons to be men; they teach their daughters that they are to be wives. They should train them to be women. They subordinate the woman to the wife. Girls are tacitly taught that their life is a failure unless they become wives. Now the life of a woman who is not a wife should be no more a failure than the life of a man who is not a husband. This difference of treatment on the part of parents, and the difference between the life of young men and that of young women is the result of the old notion so long accepted as the truth, that man was made for himself, and that woman was made for man, and that by consequence the happiness, the life of woman, is not only associated with but dependent upon the life of man."

—A correspondent sends us a pleasant account (which our crowded paper forbids us to print) of a visit which Miss Susan B. Anthony has been making to her friend and former co-worker in THE REVOLUTION, Miss E. C. Browne

of Oswego, N. Y. Miss Anthony gave a lecture in that city called "The False Theory." She lectured also at Binghamton, where she visited Dr. Mary Newman and Mrs. Leonard; at Elmira, where Miss Sally Holly carried her captive to Mrs. Dr. Gleason's "Cure;" at Williamsport, Pa., where she received much kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Capron of the *Bulletin*; and, on returning to Elmira, was the guest of Mr. Wheeler, the proprietor of the opera house. Susan goes about the world, getting and giving a good many hard knocks; and yet, after all, many of her lines fall to her in pleasant places.

—All reverence for great misfortune, not to speak of respect for decency, must have died out of Jenkins' mind. We now hear of reporters visiting the late Empress of the French to count the flounces upon her skirt, and describe the minutest details of her toilet. If Eugenie is human, and she has given no evidence of being otherwise, one would suppose, in the present condition of France, sackcloth and ashes would be the costume best corresponding with her feelings. If there is anything noble in her nature, she must now desire to sink the pettiness of the lady of fashion in the dignity of a suffering woman, and this feeling ought to be respected.

—A Paris correspondent describes the following scene as occurring in the Radical Club of that city:

"About one-fifth of the audience was composed of women, who either knitted, or nourished the infants which they held in their arms. A citizen was speaking. He held a list in his hand of a new government. As he read out the names some were applauded, others rejected. I had found a place on a bench by the side of a lady with a baby, who was occupied, like most of the other babies, in taking its supper. Its food, however, apparently did not agree with it, for it commenced to squall lustily. 'Silence,' roared a hundred voices, but the baby only yelled the louder. 'Sit upon it,' observed some energetic citizens, looking at me. The mother became frightened lest a *coup d'état* should be made upon her offspring, and, after turning it up and solemnly smacking it, took it away from the club."

—A large number of the foreign diplomats at Washington are married to American wives. The new French Minister's wife, Madame Treillard, was a Miss Hoffman, of New York. The bride of the Spanish Minister is Miss Terry, a New York Cuban. The wife of the attache to the Austrian Legation was a Mrs. Griffin, and the widow of an American general. The wife of the Mexican Minister was a Miss Smith of Washington, and that of the Danish representative a Miss Zabriskie of New Jersey. The acting Brazilian Envoy, Mr. Fleury, is also married to an American lady; and the late Italian Minister, Cerrutti, has become the husband of Miss Noyes of New York; while Mrs. Le Strange, of the British Legation, was a Miss Austin of Boston.

—Mrs. Tracy Cutler writes from California, saying:

"Mrs. Pitts Stevens is editing a spirited and able paper, which, though an individual enterprise, is still strongly in sympathy with the radical wing. The only thing to regret is that, being naturally sensitive and rather easily stirred up, she sometimes receives exaggerated impressions, and permits them to appear in her paper. A more guarded course would have been better for her own interests."

The same might have been said of all reformers from the beginning of the world till now, including Christ and his apostles. We are not acquainted with Mrs. Stevens. But we know (on the testimony both of Scripture and of nature) that "it is good to be zealously affected in a good cause." We don't object to Mrs. Stevens gaining as much wisdom as she can, but we do object to her being thus lectured for her enthusiasm and generous zeal.

Our Mail Bag.

WHAT IS THE REASON?

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

You were so kind as to publish my last letter concerning the preparation of women to earn the wages they demand and should receive. You also do me the honor to allude to the matter in your editorial columns under the title "Perhaps there is a Reason." Thinking that the "reason" might be found, I looked the article through with much interest, and I am sorry to say without any success. The closing paragraph is in these words: "If Mr. Packard has offered to train fifty young men for the Swedenborgian ministry, under Professor Oliver Dyer, he probably would not have had more than ten students."

I think there can be no doubt about the truth of this statement; but why Mr. Packard should make such an offer, or what reason any one can give for supposing that he is a self-constituted agent for Mr. Dyer's—or any other man's—Theological Seminary, or what the allusion means altogether, I confess I am not sharp enough to see.

The point I attempted to make in my imperfect presentment was simply that women had no real cause of complaint for not receiving the same positions and the same remunerations as men, so long as they would not *qualify* themselves to do the same labor, and do it as well. And the allusion made to my own brief experience in this direction was made, not because I was "in ill-humor" that my offer to educate women was not more generally accepted, but because this experience bore upon the point under discussion. If I could have given the same force to what I was trying to say, without alluding to my own experiences, I should have preferred so to do. You are so kind as to give me a "hearing in a woman's paper," on the ground that I am "an earnest friend of the woman's movement," and yet you speak of my offer to gratuitously educate fifty young ladies as an "excellent advertisement." It may have been, though I have not been able to see it; but if the offer was made as an advertisement, then I am no friend to women, and you have treated me with undeserved courtesy. Please do me the credit to believe that I have neither occasion nor desire to resort to any mere advertising ruse, and that when I do advertise, I either pay for it at the time, or promise to do so thereafter.

But I would not appear in your columns under false pretenses; and when you assert that I am a friend to the woman's movement, and hence entitled to be heard, the assertion may need a little qualification. I am a friend to women—that is, the better sort—and to many of their "movements." A good, sensible, reasonable woman generally moves to suit me, and there are many such in this beautiful world. Some are at the head of intelligent households, where great administrative power, superior tact, large heartedness, and womanly sweetness show to great advantage. Their "movements" are full of grace and dignity and beauty, and I always feel that I am getting nearer to heaven when I come into their presence.

Others are not so blessed in their external surroundings, but they try to make up for it by cultivating the flowers of inward purity

and contentment, and shedding sweet perfume around them. They are like little children, whose movements—unconstrained—are the realization of grace and beauty. They sanctify everything they touch, and make one fully understand the meaning of the lines:

"The earth was sad, the garden was a wild.
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled."

How many of us have had—and still have—sisters, cousins, sweethearts, and wives, who realize all and more than can be said of them as "heaven's best gift to man." But I do not believe that women were made for man's pleasure or completeness—though they are often both. They may, indeed, achieve a worthy success as man's pudding-boiler, shirt-button fastener, and child-raiser; but if they have no puddings to boil, or husbands to boil them for, no buttonless shirts to repair, and children to raise, it is evident they can't do it, and must do something else; and even if all the above conditions are present, they may not by any means fill a woman's mission, or circumscribe her movements. Take Miss Anthony, for instance: Can any one doubt that she was born for the work she is in? or that she fulfills a mission as sacred and worthy as that of wife or mother? No woman was ever more thoroughly married than Miss Anthony, and no wife was ever more faithful to her wedded spouse. She looks out through her clear spectacles on a world lying in wickedness because women can't vote, and she has pledged her life to its regeneration. She and her work are one—"Whom therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

But all women are not Anthonies; we have, alas, some Cleopatras! And then we have some of "the best girls in the world" who have not yet found out what they are, or what they are to be. It was in behalf of these girls that I tried to speak last week, and for whom I should have spoken more pointedly now but for your mysterious editorial allusion.

I feel sure that there is to-day no work which the agitators of woman's rights should take hold of with more zest and energy than that of putting before our thoughtful young girls and their thoughtless, foolish parents in their behalf the true purpose of their being; and instead of complaining that the world—or the male side of it—looks coldly and distrustfully upon all honest efforts of women to make themselves useful and happy, teach the coming women what is true now, and will grow more so to the end, that men have no prejudice against their sex, but always for it; and that to command any position or any pay which men can attain to, they have only to fit themselves to do as well as men. These are eternal truths, and a "woman's paper" should enforce them.

Yours truly, S. S. PACKARD.

SUFFRAGE AND SOCIAL RESTRICTIONS.

November 28th, 1870.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

I was in Boston last week, and met several of the suffragists. Invariably, their first remark was, "What a pity that Mrs. Stanton will persist in giving her lecture on Marriage and Divorce. When we get the ballot, we can regulate the marriage laws as we please." One or two said, "I know nothing of the decade meeting except the reports of the daily papers, and if they speak correctly, it is greatly to be deprecated that Mrs. Stanton should have given that lecture on Marriage and Divorce."

I inquired if Mrs. Stanton's address on the divorce bill, published by the Equal Rights Society, had never been read there? "Certainly; but then this new lecture is something very different." Not at all, I replied; it is the same in substance and spirit, only more finished and enlarged in the history of marriage, and the laws which attempt to regulate it. I am not going to write a defence of Mrs. Stanton, nor did I make one in Boston; the grand truths she utters, and the noble pure life she lives, are all the defence she needs; a leader in thought she is, and must remain, and the lesser lights may as well yield her her place first as last, and cease their carping and attempts to compress her into their moulds.

But what seemed remarkable was that Boston should know nothing about the decade meeting; an historical epoch known and sympathized with by the friends in every part of Europe. Look at the letters from Mr. John S. Mill, from Hon. Jacob Bright, Mrs. Somerville, H. Martineau, Henry Kingsley and others. France, Italy, Prussia, Switzerland, Scotland, and England, all knew of the meeting, and watched its proceedings with interest; and from some we have already had congratulations on its success. London sent its delegate in the person of Mrs. Lucas, sister of Hon. J. Bright, a woman of noble, gracious presence, one to dignify any cause she may espouse.

The longer I remained in Boston the more convinced I became that they do not recognize the broad principles which were enunciated in our first conventions. They need to be converted to the true doctrine of woman's rights. Suffrage is the first, the last, and middle of their creed. I think with Mrs. Wright that any attempt at union is a compromise of dignity. But I go further; I think it a compromise of principle; for although equality in education and in industrial avocations may and will be regulated by the ballot, the social relations and rights will not be; they underlie even the ballot, and will only be regulated by purifying the moral sentiment. A sentiment which degrades and materializes marriage can never be changed but by the freest discussion of these dehumanizing gross ideas in relation to it. A perfect social equality is of far more importance than any other reform; it is the only one commensurate with the spirit of the age. Wait to discuss this great question till we have the ballot, and let the gross materialisms go on, gaining in strength and power, and we shall leave a work for our children harder than the one we have been called to do. The *Nation* has challenged the discussion of this question again and again; and although it treats it unfairly, it still evidently believes and knows more truth than it will ever dare utter, or has moral principle to utter. I object to all compromises, to all narrowing down of our first and earliest demands. I regard the policy which suppresses truth as destructive of the power to perceive, and, as Swedenborg would say, to receive it in its purity.

The implication of the *Nation*, that THE REVOLUTION will be more popular than the *Woman's Journal* because it panders to a corrupt desire for change, savors, it seems to me, of malice aforethought; for I cannot believe that the astute *Nation* does not see, beyond the mere legal form of marriage, that it does not see that the demand is for something higher, purer and more spiritual than has been misnamed marriage, which the *Woman's Journal* holds to in theory, although ignores in prac-

tice—two of the editors, at least, day by day, protesting in their lives against the absorption of a woman into the relation of slave and master, or one person, and that one the husband.

Our standard-bearer must be always in advance, bravely lifting it higher and higher; no cowardly lowering it, no trailing in the dust; no faltering or wavering of the good right arm which bears it. If that is stricken down ere the battle is won, let another seize it, and dashing forward, utter the cry of the brave Douglass, "For God and our cause." I have just found another motto which we may take as ours, *Patria cara, carior libertas*—Our country is dear, liberty dearer. P. W. D.

HOW ONE WOMAN WAS CONVERTED.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Some months since a friend whose philanthropic heart was moved by the benighted state of my mind upon the woman question, and wishing to penetrate the darkness in which I so lazily reposed with the enlightening beams of the rising sun, wisely sent me THE REVOLUTION.

Never having thought much about "woman suffrage," and being one of those fortunate ones whose male friends would scorn to oppress a woman, and who recognize and acknowledge worth wherever it is manifested, I naturally drifted along with the current in which I found myself, without feeling the need of a wider sphere of action, and wondered that any woman should desire greater liberty.

But since I have been reading THE REVOLUTION great changes have come over my fortunes. I see life from a different point of view, and there are many, very many, shadows in the picture.

Necessity compels me to feel that woman is laboring under great disadvantages, in consequence of which she is dwarfed physically and intellectually. I cordially sympathize with the work of emancipation in behalf of enslaved woman, which slowly and surely is gaining ground in Christendom, though contested at every point.

It seems to me that the burden of this work of converting the world to faith in their rights must be performed by women in the every-day walks of life. They must prove, by practical demonstrations, that they can cultivate strong reliable characters. When this point is gained, when every household can boast of true practical women, instead of shallow devotees of fashion, the battle is won, the day is ours, and the political and moral degradation in which mankind are now groveling will become purified by the elevation of the world's teachers, women.

An example of what woman can do towards winning the men with whom she is associated, to faith in her rights, came under my observation a few days since. I am a district school teacher, and at present teach in a district, part of which includes what is designated among us as "the mountain folk."

Business called me to the house of one of these mountaineers to spend the night. The family is composed of father, mother, three daughters, and three sons. They are very simple people, who have never gone far from their own home; do not take the daily papers because the parents cannot read. The children have acquired what education they could

in a country district school. The oldest daughter, a girl about eighteen, is the heroine of my story.

Last summer her father, who owns a stone quarry, engaged to deliver ten thousand dollars' worth of stone to certain parties in New York. Not being able to read or write himself, he depended entirely upon this daughter, who had received no special preparation, to keep his books, measure the stone, make out the bills, and, in short, do the entire business. She showed me her books, and with unaffected simplicity said, while her cheeks glowed with honest pride, "Yes, I did all this business in one season, and I did not make the slightest mistake in my figures; but several times the men who measured the stone in New York made mistakes, and after all the trouble they would make themselves and us, they would have to give in at last that my bills were correct."

Turning to the father, I said, "You, sir, must be proud of your daughter, and I should think ready to acknowledge woman as man's equal."

He replied, "Yes, yes, and I go in for giving them equal rights," while his honest face showed that every word came from the heart.

I could not help moralizing in this wise: how much men's minds, in the common walks of life even, are influenced by the characters of the women with whom they are associated; how much success in this great work of reform in behalf of crushed womanhood depends upon the individual woman; and every woman who lays any claim to intelligence or philanthropy should become an earnest, practical worker in the field.

SYMPATHIZERS IN THE SOUTH.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., November 5th, 1870.

Dear Revolution:

I am indebted to Hon. Simeon Corley, of this State, for some pleasant visits from your agreeable self. I suppose you are aware Mr. Corley is a warm and devoted defender of "woman's rights." And assuredly here, amid the sighing of the pines, there are very very few who will raise a voice in our behalf. But Mr. Corley never waits for numbers; he only waits to be convinced that a cause is right, and then he will stand by it "through evil as well as through good report." In the days of secession he stood almost entirely alone, and predicted, with almost prophetic wisdom, the coming troubles. He is to-day working with but few co-laborers in his native State, trying to establish woman's right to the ballot. He meets with many impediments, but this does not demoralize him, for he has been accustomed to find great obstacles throughout the whole pathway of his life. Those who have known him in his early years can testify that his childhood was burdened with many cares and sorrows. The death of his father left him desolate and dependent. His poor widowed mother was not able to support her dear fatherless boy, and consequently he was placed as apprentice under a tailor, at Lexington, S. C. Day after day, he had to stitch, stitch, stitch. Who but woman can sympathize with those who are bound to that small but severe master, the needle? His constant confinement excited the sympathy of a kind-hearted person; this kind individual wished to do something which would gladden his sorrowing heart, and she presented him

with a book, thinking the pictures would amuse him in his few leisure moments. But this book he considered too precious to be used for amusement. He began at once to learn his alphabet, and then he tried to spell, but this was hard work, for the book abounded in pictures and hard words; and he not only learned to spell, but to read in this work, which was (I think) a United States history.

Time moved on, and he continued to improve it. His mind gathered up much useful knowledge. He was remarkable for his industry, temperance, and perseverance. He has now a comfortable home in the same town where he toiled in his childhood. His aged mother shares the comforts of his home. Both he and his amiable companion are ever anxious to make the last days of their aged parent tranquil, comfortable, and happy. Mr. Corley's good deeds are not entirely confined to "the loved ones of home." Here, of course, they shine brightest; but he is ever willing to lend a helping hand to the poor and needy. Not long since a lady was on the point of selling a watch which had been given to her by her dying father. She shrank from doing this, but she had an immediate call for money, and her watch was the only thing in her possession which would bring the required amount. It was hard to part with her father's dying gift; but she did not see how she could avoid doing it. Mr. Corley heard of her straightened circumstances, and kindly offered to lend her what money she needed. She gladly accepted, promising to pay him at an early day, but she met with many hindrances in getting the promised sum, and she was never once asked to come forward and pay what had so long been due.

Mr. Corley defends woman's rights, because he thinks if we had more privileges we would be less dependent. The principle weapon he uses against his opponents is yourself, and as you are "sharper than any two-edged sword," he is of course victorious. With much admiration for your many sharp points.

I am sincerely your friend.

EVA.

ELECTION DAY.

CHICAGO, November 8th.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

My husband said to me this morning as he left the house, "He wished that I could go with him to vote." It was as good as a prayer for woman suffrage. It made me feel stronger and healthier all day, and also made me wish that this element of health and strength could be felt by every woman in Christendom—the strong right arm of a good husband who wishes to see his wife possess all her individuality, whether it leads to the ballot or baby tending, or both. They don't conflict.

Men are more ready to give the ballot to woman than they are to take it, and I imagine that another year will see a wonderful advancement in the public spirit of both men and women in regard to every possible means of improving the individual. They are fast learning that the ballot is one of the elements of education for women as well as men. I see bitter opponents forgetting to oppose, and lukewarm souls earnest in good wishes for the success of suffrage. It will come, whether we pin our faith upon Republicans or Democrats. It will come as a matter of policy, rather than of politics. It will come as a higher education has come; not because the majority has wished it, but because the subject has been agitated by a few earnest souls who desire it.

HARRIET S. BROOKS.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Principal Office, No. 21 Union Place, corner of State street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1870.

SALUTATION FROM THE SEA.

Rocking in the uneasy cabin of the "Java," and not yet in sight of land, but expecting to arrive to-morrow, we indite with a lead pencil a few sea-sick lines to our habitual readers to remind them that our yearly volume is drawing to a close, and to solicit from their kindness a renewal of their subscriptions. This paper, to make and publish, costs its proprietors nearly twenty thousand dollars a year. In order to meet this expense, we ask our friends to put forth a generous effort to extend its circulation. We have once or twice mentioned (and we believe our readers generally understood the fact) that the price of subscription just covers the cost of manufacture. Our fellow-stockholders would not, if they could, make any pecuniary profit from the reform which their journal advocates. But they have a right to the warm-hearted co-operation of all the friends of woman's enfranchisement in an effort to send THE REVOLUTION broadcast over the land. If every woman whose mind has been instructed, or whose heart has been cheered, by the weekly visits of our paper to her home, will renew her own subscription, and will ask a few of her friends and neighbors to send us theirs, we would soon double and quadruple our circulation. With the help of our office-associates, whom we leave behind us in full zeal of work, we can safely promise that next year's REVOLUTION will be a better, brighter, and richer sheet than ever before; at least if the pens of twenty earnest and strong-minded women can make it so. Hitherto editorship has been a trade at which women have not shown themselves expert, since they have had but little practice in its mysteries. But the pen, after all, is not a much heavier instrument than the needle. Women are now learning to be makers of newspapers, just as men are learning to be makers of bonnets. The next volume of THE REVOLUTION will exhibit what Pope never saw—"a mob of gentlewomen who write with ease." Our pages (at least we hope so) are to contain some of the best newspaper writing that can be purchased either in America or England. We say this, not by way of boasting (for these ship-striking and queasy waves have temporarily subdued our editorial spirits), but for the sake of assuring our readers that we are far from critically satisfied with our journal's present half-way excellence. Taking for granted that the readers of THE REVOLUTION will kindly make for it a handsome list of new subscribers, while we are endeavoring, like a fruit-gatherer, to select in a foreign country new bounties for the weekly feast to be spread in its columns, we hereby render to them, for

their past and prospective good-will (however tardily this out-at-sea acknowledgment of it may reach their eyes), our most thanksgiving of thanks.

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE TWO SOCIETIES.

Writing while the editor is absent in one direction, and while we are on the wing flying in another, we cannot make these familiar editorial columns speak the joint voice of all our consulting friends on the subject of the recent action at Cleveland, in refusing to unite the two societies.

But, uttering our individual sentiment, without undertaking to represent either the chairman of the committee of conference who is now in Europe, or the President of the Union Woman Suffrage Society who speaks for himself in the *Independent*, and, above all, without seeking in anywise to represent the society itself either in this or any other particular, we are jubilantly glad, from a woman's point of view, that the two organizations did not merge.

This feeling of ours does not flow out of any unwillingness to see a union of all the friends of the cause under one banner, for if there were unanimity of sentiment there might be harmony of action, particularly as the old leaders who, having earned by a lifetime of service an accumulated weight of enmity from the critical new-comers into the ranks, would very cheerfully step aside in order to allow these ambitious novices to take command.

Some of our editorial contributors to this sheet are members of neither of the two societies, keeping ourselves with scrupulous independence aloof from both. We are thus disinterested spectators, looking on from the outside. Such of us as occupy this neutral position (if it be neutral), consider that the reasons given by the Boston Society for not wishing to join the New York are *vice versa* equally good and sufficient reasons why the New York Society should not join the other.

"T. W. H.," the president of the Cleveland convention, thus oracularly sets forth the grounds for the continued separation of the two bodies:

"It will now be asked on what ground was the proposed union defeated? It is a satisfaction to remember that it was neither defeated nor argued on any merely personal or private ground. The by-gone question as to the origin of the two societies was left to be by-gone. The past buried its dead.

Some of the opinions expressed by Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Bullard were criticised but there was not the slightest imputation on their personal sincerity or character, or right to hold or express those opinions. The union was urged on the ground that in union there is strength. It was opposed on the ground that a merely nominal union is weakness and not strength. It was urged that the aim of the "American" Society was *Woman Suffrage, pure and simple*, while the apparent purpose of the "Union Society" was to combine this aim with side issues, especially the divorce question; and that under these circumstances they had better work apart. Whether this view was right or wrong, it is admitted by all that it was what defeated the proposed alliance."

In view of the above statement of the reasons why Boston does not wish to join the woman's rights movement, we express our individual joy that the "American" Society has so clearly drawn the line of demarcation between itself and the other organization. The "American" confines itself exclusively to woman's *suffrage*. The "Union" covers the whole ground of woman's *rights*. One discusses only a single branch of the woman question; the other, all its branches. One is

solely devoted to the political phase of the movement; the other, not only to the political, but also the educational, industrial, and social. One treats simply of woman's ballot; the other, of woman's ballot, employments, wages, property, education, marriage, and divorce.

This, according to the Boston programme, is henceforth to be the distinction between the two societies. The *Woman's Journal* speaks for its society. We cannot undertake to speak (but only to hope) for the other. Nevertheless, taking the policy of the New York body to be what Boston imagines it will be (and we trust that the prophecy will be fulfilled by the event) we do not wonder; that, judging between these two plans of reform, the one narrow and technical, the other broad and comprehensive, the one looking backward, the other reaching forward, we say we cannot wonder that such a woman as Mrs. Lucretia Mott should have declared as she did at Tenafly, "If the Boston society and *Journal* propose thus to limit our demands, I know to which side I belong."

The conservative and timorous writer whom we have quoted above also speaks as follows:

"It seems to me that what chiefly defeated the proposed conference was that single sentence in the leading editorial of THE REVOLUTION for Sept. 29th, which claims for woman, in speaking of marriage, 'freedom to freely sunder a yoke which she has freely bound.' From the moment when that fatal sentence was read to the Convention, the proposed union became visibly impossible."

After perusing the above formidable statement, we took a convenient opportunity to turn back among the old REVOLUTIONS to the passage which is thus partly quoted, and the whole of which we transcribe as follows:

"Woman wants more than suffrage. In getting the elective franchise she will achieve only her political, not her social freedom. She wants something beyond the ballot and its attendant blessings. She wants freedom of mind and person; freedom to work out for herself a career, unbiased by any man calling her master; freedom to think her own thoughts, and to shape her own destiny; freedom to educate herself according to her natural bent, untrammelled by the schools; freedom to choose a congenial employment, and to earn a living at it; freedom to marry, and to be mistress of herself after marriage; freedom to freely sunder a yoke which she has freely bound; freedom to all that pertains to her physical growth, to her intellectual stimulus, to her social ties, and to her moral aims."

It seems to us that the above extract, notwithstanding the dread which it inspired in the mind of "T. W. H." is, after all, the plain, wholesome, and unimpeachable truth. Written by a co-laborer with whom we cannot at present confer, we shall not venture to add any exposition or elucidation of the passage, or of any sentence in it. There might have been in the part quoted by "T. W. H." a more accurate (and therefore more judicious) phraseology; but taking it as the writer evidently meant it to be taken, there is not a word in it "which, dying, she would wish to blot." It must be a very ungenerous mind that would interpret the above, or any infelicitous clause in it, as designed to express an argument for the capricious abrogation of the marriage-tie. The writer of this so-called objectionable passage subsequently expressed her views more fully in another essay in these pages entitled "The Christian Idea of Marriage"—in which she set forth a very different notion from that which "T. W. H.," in a hasty interpretation of a few inexact words, imagined her meaning to be. She not only believes in the sacredness of the marriage-tie, but has even been

known to express a more than poetic conviction of its immortal durability. "A succession of loves," she has said, "carries with it something degrading to the soul, for the soul, by its nature, seems to crave one love, one only, and that forever." She believes in marriage, and in the tie which binds it. But she believes also that when this tie ceases to bind, or, in other words, when the two hearts which it once united have burst it asunder, then the marriage which longer exists should be followed by divorce. This is not making light either of marriage or divorce. It is only saying that the civil law should not interfere with the sacred and intimate interests of human souls, in order to force them, for society's sake, to remain in an unwilling bondage, which, for their own, they would gladly terminate. And when THE REVOLUTION asks for greater freedom of divorce, it means that the laws of the land should be more sparing of their prohibitions against a proper redress for men and women who have shipwrecked their lives by a false marriage. In making this just demand, we are only asking for the State of New York what is already the existing law of the State of Massachusetts. THE REVOLUTION is published in a much more conservative legislative atmosphere on this subject than the *Woman's Journal*, for Massachusetts, with her numerous permissions of divorce, is a paradise of free-love compared with the legal restraint which our immaculate Legislature at Albany continues to impose on such victims as Mrs. Albert D. Richardson and others of her suffering sex.

But in penning, or rather penciling, this hurried, semi-editorial statement, what we chiefly wish to convey by it is that the woman's movement is not merely a demand for woman's suffrage, but a broader claim for woman's rights. Woman's suffrage is but one of woman's many rights. In advocating the woman's movement, to ask for the elective franchise for woman, and not to ask also for an increased opportunity of work, for an augmented rate of wages, for an improved system of education, for an enlarged sphere of intellectual activity, for an amendment of the laws which now restrict her in the control of her property and children, for a modification of a marriage-system which makes man and wife one and that one the husband, and (more than all) for woman's sacred and inalienable right of divorce;—we repeat, that to ask for woman's suffrage alone, and to omit all demand for these more imminent necessities of all womankind, is to invoke the censure of the critic who said, "These things ought ye to have done, and not to have left the others undone."

THE STRONG-MINDED WOMEN'S PETITION.

ADDRESSED BY THE WRAPPER WRITERS TO THE RAPT READERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

I.

Sweet friends, it is clear
That two dollars a year
Is only a wee contribution;
But, being so small,
We have need of it all
To manage a great institution.

II.

We women complain,
For we ponder with pain
Our womanly destitution;—
Deprived, as you know,
Of ballots,—which go
To the men in such profusion.

III.

But women won't stand
From the laws of the land
Much nonsense of kick and confusion
Without giving back
Every whack with thwack—
Not with fists, but with elocution.

IV.

So a paper we print,
In which, without stint,
And never with circumlocution,
We answer the men
With scissors, and pen,
And a wisdom more than Confucian.

V.

Mrs. Stanton takes pains
To contribute her brains,
(And that woman's no Lilliputian!)
And Susan B. Anthony
Writes when she can,
And argues the men to confusion.

VI.

And when, with a leer,
Mr. Greeley says, "Here!
This suffrage is woman's delusion!"
The above women slap
The benevolent Chap-
pequa farmer for each such effusion!

VII.

Regina and Rex,
Or the problem of sex,
This paper preserves in solution;
And likewise it dotes
On wages, and votes,
And the "white male's" retribution.

VIII.

It tells all about
What our rights are, without
Restriction or diminution;
And never was seen
Such a "sweet sixteen"
As it adds to the constitution.

IX.

We might puff it more,
But, rather than bore
With a poem of strange execution,
We now will condense
The next verse, lest the sense
Should suffer from further dilution.

X.

Dear friends, if you chance
At these stanzas to glance,
Like theirs be your own conclusion.
And that is, to pay
Two dollars, and say,
You subscribe for THE REVOLUTION.

Answers to the above may be sent, in prose, addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City.

CONVENTION OF THE NORTH-WESTERN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

The reports which we have received of the Detroit meeting, convened at Young Men's Hall, are cheering. The attendance was good, and the interest increased from beginning to end. The principal feature of the meeting was Miss Anthony's great speech, in which she declared as her political policy, that the women should keep themselves aloof from both parties, and seek to hold the balance of power between Republicans and Democrats. She said:

"At present the national Congress daily insults the womanhood of the country by permitting ignorant negroes to vote, while they disfranchised refined women. In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, is chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and in the house, Mr. Bingham, of Ohio. As yet they have kept in their pockets the claims of women for the right of suffrage, and have

failed to present a report on the subject, through which the question might come up for discussion and action. Miss Anthony thought the women of the Northwest might, during the coming year, cause Trumbull and Bingham to tremble for their positions, and compel them to make reports which shall inaugurate the desired attention in Congress. She declared her conviction that the Republican party was no more worthy of sympathy from the women of the country than the Democratic party, and she cared not whether relief came from the Republicans or Democrats."

The New York *Standard*, in commenting upon Miss Anthony's speech, says:

"There is a wisdom in this that we scarcely expected from one even so wise and so earnest as Miss Anthony. We fear, however, that excellent as it is in theory, it will prove difficult of application when the suffrage people undertake to put it in practice. It is not easy to understand what is the balance of power to which Miss Anthony refers. Does it mean that the ladies shall mediate between the Free Traders and the Protectionists so as to keep Mr. Greeley and Mr. White from high words and low epithets, and permit the question about high and low tariff to go to the dogs? Or does it only mean that there is to be no duty at all so far as marriage and divorce are concerned? As we cannot altogether understand what Miss Anthony means by the balance of power, we are anxious that she shall set us right."

Perhaps Miss Anthony meant that the woman party should incorporate itself with neither party, but should act as a check upon both, by awing Republicans and Democrats alike into good behavior from the high vantage ground of an independent organization.

On the second day, the following officers were reported for the ensuing year, and duly elected:

President.—Mrs. M. A. Hazlett, of Hillsdale, Mich.
Vice Presidents.—J. B. Bloss, Michigan; Mrs. Myra Bradwell, Illinois; Mrs. E. B. Collins, Ohio; Mrs. Dr. Ferguson, Indiana; Miss Phoebe Cozzens, Missouri.
Secretary.—Mrs. Rebecca W. Mott, of Chicago.
Corresponding Secretary.—Harriet Brooks, of Chicago.

Treasurer.—Hon. Fernando Jones, of Chicago.
Executive Committee.—Hon. C. B. Waite, of Chicago; J. N. Campbell, of Detroit; Madame Anneke, of Wisconsin; and Mrs. Frances Miner, of Missouri.

It was announced that letters of cordial approval had been received from Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Stanton, Wendell Phillips, Anna Dickinson, Robert Colyer, Rev. D. E. Haven, Professor B. T. Crocker, Moses Col. Tyler, Mrs. Livermore, Lucy Stone, H. B. Blackwell, Mrs. Josephine Griffing, T. W. Higginson, Theo. Tilton, and Phoebe Cozzens.

Several very interesting addresses were made during the course of the meeting. Judge Waite spoke on "Suffrage as an Inalienable Right;" Miss Peckham, of Milwaukee, made a speech on "Woman as an Elevating Agent;" Mrs. Celia Burleigh, of Brooklyn, gave an eloquent plea for the "Equality of the Sexes;" Prof. Brooks spoke on the "Lawlessness of Law;" Mr. Elder, on "The Influence of the Ballot;" and Judge Bradwell, on the "Legal Aspects of the Woman Question."

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That under a Republican government suffrage is not a privilege merely, but a right of the citizen and a duty.

Resolved, That no citizen of the United States can be rightfully deprived of the suffrage, except for some reason founded upon the law of nature or of nations, and which can be comprehended and made satisfactory to intelligent minds.

Resolved, That while each State has the right to regulate the suffrage as to the manner of its exercise, within its own limits, no State has the right, arbitrarily, to exclude whole classes of citizens from the elective franchise. Such exclusion is in violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That having confidence in these principles, and no fear of the results of carrying them into practice, we will continue our efforts to have them incorporated into the legislative action, not only of the States, but also of the nation.

Before the meeting closed the Association fixed its headquarters at Chicago, and resolutions were adopted for starting a newspaper on the first of January.

THE BROOKLYN ART RECEPTION.

Certainly the City of Churches knows how to arrange a delightful social reunion, with that slight promise of artistic enjoyment which is made to the ear, but too often broken to the expectant eye. Brooklynites know well the lesson their breezy streets have taught them, that it is good after the crowded and often unsatisfactory picture salon to have a place to retreat, where the tired limbs can find rest, and the lungs be refreshed with a breath of pure air; therefore they throw open the main body of the Academy of Music—its rich but somewhat sombre interior lit up with a blaze of gas and adorned with artistic arrangement of fragrant flowers, while the dress-circle and gallery were reserved for the crowd of fashionably robed women and decorously clad men, with a fair sprinkling of genial-faced divines, who are not scared away by the name of theatre and the dread of sinful contact from one of the most characteristic entertainments our sister city has to offer.

The pictures at an art reception are the last things one can see. The exceptionally few who go early may obtain a coherent idea of subjects and treatment, but the unhappy struggling multitude only carries away, so far as the works of art are concerned, a confused notion of acres of wall covered with blotches of color, but for the objects of nature they can be viewed far more satisfactorily.

The twenty-first reception of the Brooklyn Art Association, which took place Nov. 28th, was a creditable social success. Much praise is due the management for excellent music, and the lovely temple of flowers which rose in the centre of the promonading floor. It was like a sudden gleam of paradise to make your way out of the gallery, where you had in vain been trying to see a Bierstadt or a Gifford through your neighbor's chignon, or to contemplate a Hart over the black shoulder of some pondrous male mortal who was perspiringly pushing his way through the crowd, coaxing himself into the belief there was some fun in it—into the large cool theatre, flanked by picturesquely crowded galleries, where you could break the fragrance of heaped violets and tuberoses, and have an opportunity to scan the faces of dames and maidens who were out in goodly array.

What is there in the air of Brooklyn that prematurely bleaches the hair of its matrons to snowy whiteness, and leaves the face young and blooming? We had heard that gray hair was becoming fashionable, but never so vividly realized it as on this occasion, when puffs and curls and chignons of snowy locks went past us in quick succession. The flower of Brooklyn maidenhood appeared to be there; and we can say for Brooklyn girls that they have a somewhat less artificial and made-up look than the damsels of our own city. One sees a cheering array of rosy cheeks not sicklied o'er with dissipation or repaired by cosmetics. Fashion, too, did not appear to so generally run raving distracted in the enormities of panniers and piled up trimmings as on like occasions in our own city, though rich and costly toilettes were not wanting.

Of the celebrities present we can say that there were a great many persons sprinkled about who looked as if they ought to be celebrities, and if they were not certainly some some mistake had been made. We felt rather

guilty for not knowing them. Among the notables in the social ranks we did recognize, however, may be mentioned S. B. Chittenden, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, Hon. Demas Barnes and wife, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Curtis, Henry A. Bowen and wife.

The report of an art reception, so far as art is concerned, must necessarily resemble Artemus Ward's lecture on the "Babes in the Woods," unless the reporter's optical powers can penetrate opaque masses of broadcloth, velvet, and back hair. Of the few pictures we scanned in this imperfect manner, some were old favorites often exhibited before, and some were—shall we call them—old abominations; for unfortunately there is a species of total depravity about poor pictures that brings them perpetually before the visual organs. The face of a lovely woman shone out of canvas 79, painted by A. H. Richie, and entitled "Baby, who's that?" A real positive womanly face it is, so full of human tenderness and fresh beauty, that one looks at the poor sham of a baby in her lap, and wonder's how the same artist could ever have painted them both. Some fifteen lady artists were represented in the collection. The two Granbery's exhibited flower pieces, which have before been seen in our New York galleries. Fidelia Bridges had a faithful, conscientious little study of daisies and clover. Mrs. James M. Hart, sent her picture called Baby's Vase, representing a baby's shoe filled with glowing flowers, which last spring hung on the walls of our Academy. Miss Lizzie Kellogg, Josephine Walters, Louisa B. Culver, Mrs. A. N. Henshaw, and Mary Kollock, were represented by landscapes of more or less merit. There were perhaps less than the usual number of stereotyped flower and fruit pieces, and groups of autumn leaves. Of the larger works by Bierstadt, Gifford, DeHaas, etc., most of them are already familiar to picture seeing people; and we can say of the collection as an entirety, if it was not better, it certainly was not very much worse than other exhibitions of the same sort to which the public has lately been treated.

SHALL A HUSBAND BE LIABLE FOR HIS WIFE'S DEBTS?

One of the provisions of the Married Woman's Property Act of England, which went into force on the 9th of August last, is as follows:

"A husband shall not, by reason of any marriage which shall take place after this act has come into operation, be liable for the debts of his wife contracted before marriage, but the wife shall be liable to be sued for, and any property belonging to her for her separate use shall be liable to satisfy such debts as if she had continued unmarried."

An exchange argues, and with reason, that the substance of this section of the act ought to be adopted by our own Legislature. This seems to us perfectly just. No woman fully protected by statute, in the use and control of the money she possesses, has acquired before marriage or may acquire after marriage, ought to complain of being forced to pay her just debts. As she can sue and recover damages on her own account, she must expect to be sued and to be made legally responsible for debt. The moment she is made equal with her husband before the law, that moment she must expect to assume equal responsibilities.

It is stated that as the law now stands in this State, if the wife be possessed of fifty

housand dollars, and has incurred indebtedness to the amount of five thousand, while the husband is worth but five thousand on the day the marriage takes place, the whole of the husband's estate can be seized to liquidate the wife's debts, while her own property remains intact. This is certainly wrong; but doubtless ere long improved legislation will establish all these nice points, in the legal relations of husband and wife, upon the ground of substantial justice.

LADIES' LITERATURE.

If any one thing is to be abominated more than another, it is, strictly speaking, so-called ladies' literature. The centre-tables of old-fashioned folk are lumbered with fancy volumes entitled ladies' annuals, wreaths, and gift-books, all of which do not contain the substance of one valuable thought. The tables of new-fashioned folk are too often crowded with picture papers and magazines of the same sort—*Godey's*, *Peterson's*, and the rest—which are especially designed for the mental consumption of women.

The greatest fault that can be found with these productions is not that they are positively harmful, although this is sometimes the case, but that there is an entire absence of anything upon which the mind can feed. It is the merest mush and spoon victuals. There is a sin of weakness, and that is the sin of ladies' literature. It enervates and enfeebles the mind, and destroys a healthy relish for better literary fare. In fact it has no business to be, any more than books printed exclusively for men, and will cease to exist to any pernicious degree so soon as women crave better reading.

A great deal of the morbid sentimentality from which so many young girls suffer comes from poring over the trashy love stories and maudlin verses that flood the papers and periodicals designed for the perusal of women. There is nothing given them, in the literature which comes in their way, upon which they can base any true idea of themselves; their duties and obligations; their rights and restrictions; what they actually owe to the world, or the world actually owes to them. There is nothing that can exalt, purify, ennoble the nature, by holding lofty ideals before the mind, or pictures brilliant with the glow of imagination—nothing, in fact, but poor tricks of romance, wishy-washy notions of right, and the thinnest veneering of religious sentiment.

Is it not the worst insult that could be offered the intellect of woman, to practically say that she has no need of the science, philosophy, sublime poetic flights, and wondrous riches of imagination, which are the priceless gifts to the world of all ages and nations; or, worse still, is not endowed with the power of appreciating them. One little corner of the literary domain has been fenced off for her especial province, and, viciously enough, fashion has seized upon even that. We see sentiment and crochet patterns, pious platitudes and fall suits, poetry and bead-work, all mixed up in a curious jumble; and it is difficult to say whether fashion condescends to literature, or literature aspires to fashion. Without fashion, we are told, the literature could not make its way; being dubiously light, it is still too heavy to mount without the modiste's artificial wings.

We hope some day to see a great literary

revival among women, when they will repel trash with scorn, and demand the best thought that libraries contain. The hungry minds of women are very hungry. They cannot, and will not, feed on husks, when they get a taste of true bread; and then all literary huxters who make capital out of woman's weakness, ignorance, and folly, will surely go to the wall.

AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

The Commissioner of Education recently laid an interesting report of the condition of the public schools of Washington before the Secretary of the Interior, in the course of which an important suggestion was thrown out, *i. e.*, that a great National American University be established at Washington, embracing a number of detached institutions already in existence, as "the Botanical Garden, the Smithsonian Institute, the splendid law libraries, the Army Medical Museum, and the rapidly-increasing Congressional Library."

This is a scheme for which there is urgent necessity; and whether it be carried out on the plan here proposed, or on some other which the best and wisest minds in the country shall devise, whether it be situated in Washington, New York, or Chicago, it matters not, provided it comes speedily into being and is based on right principles.

One of the great demands of the time is a truly national university. Neither Harvard nor Yale is national in any sense of the word; they may represent the culture of New England, which has a strong local coloring; but what we want is a university which shall meet the needs of the mighty Northwest, and the vast, hungry South, and all the parts and places in between. We want a university that shall insure a culture as catholic as the length and breadth of this land—which shall comprehend the snowy peaks of Colorado and the plains of Texas, no less than Bunker Hill Monument and Boston Common. But, above all, we want a university which shall be national enough to educate women as well as men within its walls, and to recognize that nature has joined the sexes in the schools as well as elsewhere.

It is absolutely demanded by the age that this American University, which must sooner or later spring into existence, shall be established on the basis of women's educational rights as well as the educational rights of men. In no other way can the great wrong towards women practiced by the State, which owes every child the best education it is capable of receiving, be atoned for. We believe there is but one system of education worth considering, and that is the co-education of the sexes. Place this as the foundation-stone of the new university, and its career will be one of unexampled splendor.

THE INDIANAPOLIS MIRROR AGAIN.

The *Mirror*, in spite of its name, reflects rather imperfectly what we said in a late issue concerning its arguments against woman suffrage, called out by an article in our own paper, although we took considerable pains to make ourselves understood.

We cannot attempt to answer in detail the statements of the *Mirror* concerning the perfect unanimity of thought and feeling which exists between married people in general. Our own observation has not proved that this unanimity

universally exists. One of the grounds upon which we base this slight difference of opinion is the record of the law courts of the very State from which the *Mirror* hails. There is something funny in this effort of an Indiana editor to prove that married people are, in the mass, of one mind and one heart, one will and one conscience; we should as soon have expected to pluck grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. However, this really has no place in the argument, and we can easily forgive our brother of the *Mirror* for his maundering from the pleasant little fact which some way peeps out that his own experience has been fortunate. He must have actually found a little oasis in the marital desert of Indiana.

The *Mirror* says again, what it has been saying over rather drearily for some time past, "that if the majority of women, with or without an intelligent purpose, wanted the right of suffrage, the majority of men would concede it to-morrow."

And we again repeat what we shall continually keep repeating in the importunate spirit of the woman of Scripture, before the unjust judge, that if in this country the suffrage ought to be bestowed upon citizens who comply with all the legal qualifications, and if women are citizens—tax-paying citizens, punishable by the laws under which they live—then the desires and wishes of the majority ought not to weigh for a moment against the demand of those who claim for themselves the ballot. We do not ask men to fling us the ballot as a favor, or to show their gallantry, because we clamor for it as a child clamors for a toy. We ask for it because we have a sacred right to it, because we are being kept out of our own. "Taxation without representation is intolerable oppression," said our forefathers, and so we say. If we are amenable to the laws, we should help make the laws, or else our government is a fraud. We do not get upon our knees and beg men to give us the ballot, because the giving involves a mere matter of courtesy or generosity. We cry out that we are defrauded and wronged every moment the ballot is withheld from one woman who asks that it shall be given her.

Let us suppose the case of a knavish guardian who has control of the estate, say of six minors, and suppose that on growing up four of these are indifferent about claiming their portion of the estate—will not in fact take pains to examine the grounds upon which their claims rest—while the other two beg and plead that what interest they have in the property may be given into their hands; But the guardian who by a quibble of the law is able to keep possession says, "No, if you were unanimous I would pay you. If even the majority of you demanded payment your demand would have great weight, and probably would be granted; but as it is, I cannot see that it is worth while to do justice by one or two." Would not this be a singularly analogous case to the position of the women of this land, who are pleading for their rights, and yet are denied because the whole of womankind does not come with an overwhelming and irresistible appeal.

No, men cannot bestow the suffrage upon us as a favor. When it is given, we shall not be called upon to display any tremendous sense of gratitude; for we shall simply have come into our own; and the longer the men of this nation withhold from us what is rightfully

ours, the darker and more forbidding will be their record of injustice and oppression.

The *Mirror* goes on to say that women must first convince men "that woman suffrage is a necessity of good government."

If good government means free government, it certainly is a necessity. Women in America are not politically free. Free government is based upon the consent of the governed. Women have never been asked how they would be governed, and never have been able to make answer through the ballot-box; therefore, some ten millions or more of women are legislated for; and we cannot consider our present form of government good if freedom is embraced in the idea.

We should like to spend more time than our space will now allow in answering what the *Mirror* says in regard to the position we take concerning woman's influence—that it ought to be exerted directly and openly, instead of sidling through the world as an unrecognized force, "that woman would a good deal rather not. She can work to better purpose through man than she can by her own direct exertions, and she knows it far better than anybody else."

Women have been forced to work through men, because they never have been able to command an open and direct avenue for their influence; but it is assuming a great deal to say that they prefer this obscure and round-about method to something more creditable. Men have long enough made capital for the ideas women have supplied them with, and women have, in turn, been injured by shirking their responsibilities. We are told occasionally that some of the most unscrupulous lobbying and log-rolling that goes on at Washington is due to the secret wire-pulling of women. Now it is undoubtedly true, as the *Mirror* piously affirms, that "women are responsible to God." We want them also to become responsible to society. If there is any praise due them, let the whole meed be poured out at their feet; if there is blame accruing, let them receive the wholesome censure which shall help them to a broader sense of justice, and noble conception of what right and principle mean.

THE LATEST NOVELTY.

How often has the truth of the old adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention," forced itself upon us. All obstacles seem to succumb to the superior intellect of man. The latest novelty is the discovery of a preparation called "*Jouven's Kid Glove Cleaner*," which instantly restores kid gloves to their former appearance, no matter how soiled, without any injury to the color or any unpleasant odor. It is now to be bought of any druggist or fancy goods dealer. F. C. Wells & Co., New York, wholesale agents.

WHO IS DR. HALE?—He is an eminent English physician who has made diseases of the lungs and throat his specialty. To his skill as a pathologist and chemist we owe the wonderful compound known as *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar*, the great household remedy for coughs, colds, influenza, etc., with the fame of which the whole country is ringing. Every druggist keeps it, for everybody wants it. C. N. Crittendon, 7 Sixth Avenue, New York, is the proprietor. Price 50 cents and \$1. Money saved by buying large size.

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We are pleased to be able to inform the friends and readers of THE REVOLUTION that we can, during the ensuing year, furnish them our own paper, with one or more of the popular periodicals of the day, at the following easy rates:

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EXTINGUISHERS.

There is a curious custom practiced at the end of the carnival at Rome. Each person in the merry throng is supplied with a lighted candle, which his neighbor tries industriously to blow out, while he in turn as eagerly seeks to preserve the flame.

There is something in this pastime singularly illustrative of our position. We have sacred and earnest convictions in regard to woman, her education, social and political status, development and growth, which our neighbors, the mass of them, are trying to extinguish.

One cries out that political equality will destroy woman's modesty, and have the most pernicious effect upon all her distinctively feminine charms; so he tries to clap an extinguisher on us for fear women will turn into men if they go to the polls. Objectors of this class, we notice, are mum as mutes about the immodest dressing and dancing which is seen in fashionable assemblies. Those girls who throw themselves half-clad into the arms of men, too often corrupted and stained by debauchery, need not, we think, fear any brazen or bold ways which the ballot will teach them.

Other opponents meet us with the knock-down argument that when the women attend conventions, go gadding about at political meetings, etc., the poor abused men will have to stay at home, tend the babies, and cook their own dinners. Here is a frightful prospect confronting the masculine half of society; but we would say, for the comfort of such as are prematurely excited on the subject, that it doesn't take any longer to vote than it does to indulge in an endless round of gossiping visits; that no more precious hours are spent while attending a sensible meeting or lecture than are spent in going to a party. We have known women who were notoriously negligent of their maternal duties, who were eaten up by the follies and extravagances of society; but we never remember to have heard men moaning about the babies, or pitying the poor husbands because they had to cook their own dinners. Show us conclusively that politics or business will make women more negligent of home duties than folly and dissipation now do, and we will admit that our light, which we wish to place upon a candlestick that it may enlighten the whole of society, ought to be put out.

Complimentary, very. A Nevada man calls his wife his "sage hen," and she calls him her "tearing grizzly."

Book Table.

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN, OR, OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE LIGHT. By J. William Van Namee. BOSTON: William White & Co., 1870.

The above belongs to that class of works called by spiritualists "inspirational" novels. The author, in the preface, tells us that he wrote the book "because he was impelled to by influences which he could not resist;" but we have failed to discover anything in the pages of the novel itself to give excuse for this claim of an overwhelming necessity. Spiritual literature is, as a rule, dreary reading. We prefer to stick to the old kind, which makes no pretense to inspiration, until the spirits become themselves more interesting, in ink, than they now are.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE: AN EPISODE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By George Zabriskie Gray. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870.

This volume is such a satisfactory specimen of binding and letter-press as Hurd & Houghton well how to offer an appreciative public. Enough of mediæval quaintness is introduced in decoration to suggest the musty old chronicles from which the touching story of "The Children's Crusade" was drawn. Whether this narrative has any broad basis of fact upon which to rest, or whether it originated in some monkish brain, like so many marvels of the middle ages, touches of romance, and pathetic religious delusion render it equally attractive. As saith the chronicle, "Stephen, a shepherd boy of Cloyes, an insignificant French hamlet, had, at the beginning of the Thirteenth century, an interview with Jesus Christ, who bade him proclaim a crusade to the children, declaring that though heroes and knights, kings and potentates, had failed to deliver the holy sepulchre," out of the mouths of babes and sucklings strength had been ordained to still the enemy and the avenger! Thus commissioned, Stephen went forth and gathered a great army of children from France and Germany, who, under priestly influence and guidance, marched to Marseilles, and there embarked in seven ships for the Holy Land. When well on the way, a tempest arose, and those of the little innocents who did not perish by shipwreck became captives in the hands of the heathen. All this sounds very much like poetry, but Mr. Gray treats it as sober fact. He has devoted some space to an historical survey of Europe at the time of the crusades, and doubtless the pleasant volume will be a valuable accession to many libraries.

OPINIONS CONCERNING THE BIBLE LAW OF MARRIAGE. By One of the People. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelinger. 1871.

The writer of this little volume lays down the union of one man with one woman as the Bible law of marriage; and this principle is amplified and illustrated by numerous Scripture references and extracts. He educes the following, among other facts, to prove the same great law from the incontrovertible testimony of nature:

"In a table of English statistics now before me I find that in 1854 the whole number of births in England was 635,005; of this number 324,669 were boys, and 310,336 were girls, or over fourteen thousand less of the latter than the former. Such is the immutability of God's law of creation. It imposes strict monogamy on men now, as it did in Eden."

Now that so many erratic and pernicious opinions on this subject are afloat, this little treatise may do good service.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR. By G. W. Bible. New York: Bible Brothers. 1870.

So absorbing is the interest of the American public in the vast struggle now going on in Europe, that the mass of information this book contains will be gladly welcomed.

DR. SMITH'S METHOD.

Dr. D. A. Smith has a new method of treating catarrh, throat and lung diseases, which we believe is first rate. Patent medicines are one of the latter day abominations. Quacks are another, and the sensible world has a wholesome dread of anything approaching these two evils in the slightest degree. Where to draw the dividing line, however, between the legitimate and illegitimate in the medical world, few understand; and when it lies within our power to bring a worthy idea out from under the imputation of quackery, we never hesitate to lend a hand for its relief.

Dr. Smith's treatment he describes as the electro-chemical, which simplified is electricity and medicine combined. To use his own words:

All the recent wonderful discoveries in electricity are embodied in the new Electro-Chemical, or Vitalic system of Medicated Electricity, or Medicine and Electricity combined.

Many diseases which have hitherto baffled the highest medical skill have been cured by this treatment.

These researches unfold an entire new principle governing the laws of health.

This great combination goes beyond the utterly inefficient system of medicine as commonly practiced; searches out the source of disease, exerting its curative action on tissues beyond the reach of drug power alone.

Dr. Smith may be seen at his residence, No. 50 Green avenue, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Young men who are anxious to marry will doubtless turn their attention to "a granddaughter of Robert Edwards, in Chester, New York," who is just coming into possession of a little property of \$82,000,000. The real estate is on Manhattan Island, New York city, and is rented. In fact, it has been leased for ninety-nine years—since 1771. The girl who now inherits it says she will not rent it unless she gets five million dollars a year rent. She says that she will count the money over, and see that it is all right, and then go visiting among her schoolmates. But the fact is that she cannot count the mere annual rental while she lives, if she is willing to count at the rate of \$10 a minute, night and day, without eating or sleeping. So what's the use of having so much money after all? The richest man has only plain comfort. "Why, I only get my board and clothes!" complained a laborer to Stephen Girard. "Well," was the response, "that's all I get!"—*Louisville Journal*.

We sincerely believe that the mother who neglects to provide Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for her suffering child is depriving the little sufferer of the remedy of all the world best calculated to give it rest and restore it to health. There is not a mother who has ever used it, but what will tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels and give rest and health to the child, and is perfectly safe in all cases.

A little girl, about seven years of age, arrived at Buffalo the other day, on her way to Detroit, who had come all the way from Germany alone.

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CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT
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OF THE

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SKIN,

Which so disfigure the appearance, PURGING the evil effects of mercury, and removing all taints, the remnants of DISEASES, hereditary or otherwise, and is taken by ADULTS and CHILDREN with perfect safety.

TWO TABLESPOONFULS of the Extract of Sarsaparilla, added to a pint of water, is equal to the Lisbon Diet Drink, and one bottle is equal to a gallon of the Syrup of Sarsaparilla, or the decoctions as usually made.

AN INTERESTING LETTER is published in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review* on the subject of the EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA in certain affections, by Benjamin Travers, F. R. S., &c. Speaking of those diseases, and diseases arising from the excess of mercury, he states that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so runken, and yet so irritable, as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.

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GOOD REASONING.—A woman makes in the *New York Tribune* a novel plea in behalf of those of her sex who accept a man's seat in a street car without thanking him for the courtesy. She says the woman pays for her seat the same as the man, but the man has a vote, and can bring political pressure to bear on the railroad company to compel a proper supply of cars, whilst the woman, having no vote, cannot. Consequently the seat belongs by right to the woman, and if the man wishes to sit he must force the railroad managers to provide additional accommodation.

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THOUSANDS have already handed in their testimony to the superiority of *Dooley's Yeast Powder* over any in use, and thousands will yet testify to its worth after giving it a trial. It recommends itself. Ask for it at your grocer's.

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Great Revolution in Hair-Dressing—Immense Sales—Agents Realizing Splendid Profits.—The Flexible Magnetic Hair Curlers and Crimpers will curl or wave any hair in from ten to thirty minutes, without the use of hot curling irons or injurious chemical compounds. They are very simple; can be used by a child; are neat in appearance, when in use, and from their flexible construction will be found superior to any other article for comfort. Will be sent to any address on receipt of price.

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CATHARINE DE MEDICIS AND HER TIMES.

Miss Virginia F. Townsend, the widely known authoress, has recently entered the lecture-field.

The subject, "Catharine de Medicis and her Times," covering, as it does, one of the most interesting eras of modern history, has been listened to with breathless delight by her audiences.

This lecture is no dry, historic essay. Although it has been prepared with the greatest care and fidelity to facts, the grand actors in the great drama become real and living personages, as they move past under the magic of the speaker's eloquence.

Miss Townsend has worked out a series of historic pictures felicitous for color and life; and among these are Philip the Second, and William of Orange, and Mary Stuart, and Queen Elizabeth, and Jeanne D'Albret, and Margaret of Valois, and other figures of immortal men and women who did their work for good or evil in the long tragedy of those times.

Lyceum Committees or others desirous of hearing Miss Townsend can obtain full information by addressing her at the office of THE REVOLUTION. d8 tf

The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A woman is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

Shall it not be heard? Is it not entitled to the sympathy and support of the women of America? Ought it not be received as a welcome guest into their homes and hearts?

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THE REVOLUTION ASSOCIATION,

Box 3003, New York City.

Miscellany.

—“A singular fate has befallen the wife of a master carpenter in Berlin. In the space of eight years she has been made three times a widow through war. In the year 1864 her husband was killed at the storming of Duppel. In 1865 she again married a carpenter, who was called up in 1866, and was killed at Koniggratz. About a year ago she again married a carpenter, and he was killed at the battle of Rezonville on the 28th of August.”

Is this a case where condolence or congratulation would be in order?

—“A Milwaukee paper, speaking of a new shirt factory there, says the girls of Milwaukee are ‘mere butterflies, with no lofty ambition nor exalted thoughts and purposes,’ and advises them to go to making shirts at eighteen cents a piece.”

If there is a spark of nobility left in the souls of the girls of Milwaukee, such lofty aims and purposes as their townsman sets before them must stimulate them to a noble life.

—“The ladies of Louisville, Ky., desire answers to the following questions: ‘What do the men do at clubs? Are clubs immoral? How much does it cost to belong to one of them? Do they prevent young men from marrying? Are they a sign of civilization or of corruption and decadence?’”

When the modern *Edipus* appears who can respond to these queries of the Kentucky sphinxes, we shall be happy to publish his reply. At last accounts, he had not been heard from.

—“Miss Emma Jones, a beautiful young inmate of the Cincinnati orphan asylum, has had \$30,000 left her by an uncle's death. She need be an orphan no longer; plenty of nice young men will be willing to be a father to her now.”

If a husband and father cost \$30,000 in coin, we advise Miss Emma, before purchasing, to come East. Plenty of marriageable young men, from fair to middling, can be bought here for from \$5,000 to \$10,000, and a very good article, as men go, can be got for \$20,000.

—The Lansing (Iowa) *Mirror*, in answer to a lady correspondent who desires a description of Joan of Arc, “if convenient,” has the following:

“Now it has been some years since we saw Joan, hence our description may not be just O. K., but we rather think J., at that time, was tall, had dark chestnut hair, blue eyes, white teeth, and somewhat thin tho' ruddy face. She had on a black frock and cape, both trimmed with rows of black tape; a black straw hat, belayed by a black ribbon passing under her chin; a purple ribbon and white collar about her neck. She wore neat black cloth No. 6 gaiters, white stockings, and a black and white petticoat, the white stripes running diagonally across. She carried a brown silk parasol, with a broken handle, a small brass-bound leather satchel, containing a variety of articles, both useful and ornamental. She somewhat resembled Miss Anna Dickinson, was quite young, not, we should judge, much older than she was a short time before we saw her.”

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THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—A Review
of the Injustice of our Existing Marriage Legisla-
tion, by O. L. JAMES.
For sale by the Author, Louisiana, Mo. d8



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TIFICIAL TEETH—Without plates or
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large commission, to sell our new wonderful inven-
tions. Address, M. WAGNER & CO.,
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Miscellany.

—The *Commercial Advertiser* is responsible for the following:

"Horace Greeley has quit telling what he knows about farming, and is lecturing on what he knows about women. He is not well posted on either subject."

—A new use to which the superfluous women discovered by the recent census may be put is given by an exchange:

"It is reported that the king of the Feejee Islands has written to President Grant to send him fifteen of the best looking women in America for his larder."

—Mrs. Gladstone is said to be always in the ladies' gallery of the British House of Commons when any important question is debated, watching her husband's proceedings."

It might be well for some other statesmen we know of to feel that the "married woman's eye" was upon them during their stay in the Capital in the public service.

—"Among nearly eight hundred convicts in San Quentin there is only one white woman. Are women eight hundred times better than men, or do men overlook eight hundred crimes in the gentler sex to one crime committed by their own sex? That is a conundrum we decline answering at present."—*Vallejo Daily Recorder*.

We cannot follow the discreet example of the *Recorder*, but must indulge in a little reasonable self-gratulation. When we are assailed as to the relative virtue of the sexes, we will point to the prison record of San Quentin, and cry with Mr. Gradgrind, "Facts, sir! facts!"

—Here is the rather startling summary of divorce suits brought in the last few months before various Chicago courts:

"Sixty suits had been commenced by women in the Superior Court, 23 in the Circuit Court, and 233 in the Recorder's; by men, 22 in the Superior, 13 in the Circuit, and 197 in the Recorder's—making an aggregate, in a little over seven months, of 558. In 1899 the number reached 658, of which over 500 terminated in a final decree. It must not be inferred that these cases, or even a majority of them, belong in Chicago. Two-thirds, at least, come from the East, to avail themselves of our 'liberal' or 'loose' divorce laws. One 'shyster' lawyer, who 'puts it through for five dollars, and no publicity,' has been known to enter as many as thirty cases in a day. That illicit way of doing things has, however, been recently blocked by the action of the judges and the bar."

—"Wives must not allow their husbands to assist them in business without pay."

A nice point of law has just come up before one of the Chicago courts. A woman worth some four thousand dollars married a man who was indebted and penniless. She opened a store, and allowed him to assist her in carrying on the business without remuneration. Certain creditors seized the stock on execution against the husband, and the wife brought this action of replevin. A decision has finally been given against the wife, on the ground that she used the husband's skill and experience in carrying on and increasing her business, and, therefore, the property became liable to be seized on execution.

WANTED—BY A LADY WHO HAS
just completed a Course of Phonography a position as CLERK in a Lawyer's Office.
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A COUGH, A COLD, OR A SORE THROAT requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Disease, or Consumption is often the result.

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Having a direct influence to the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumption, and Throat Diseases, Troches have a soothing effect.

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will find *Troches* useful in clearing the voice when taken before Singing or Speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. Being an article of true merit, and having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in new localities in the various parts of the world, and the *Troches* are universally pronounced better than other articles.

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Dear Sir: I wish you to send me two dozen boxes of your Carbolic Salve. I have an obstinate sore on my foot, which has been a running sore for over ten years. I was sent one box of your Salve, and I found it to do better on my foot than any other. R. B. BLERUM.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 29, 1870.

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INFALLIBLE PAIN RELIEVER
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Small Doses calm, soothe and tranquilize promptly. Full Doses induce natural sleep immediately.

Sold by Druggists. Prescribed by Physicians.

If your druggist has not got it, send to

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Price \$1.00. (Sent to any address on receipt of price.) 013 1f

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Bowling Alleys, Turkish, Russian and Medicated Baths, the largest and most complete institution of the kind in the world. Send for a Circular. 013 1f

Wit and Humor.

—Hair-pins are now called switch-tenders.

—The mitten that never fits—the one you get from a lady.

—Louisville girls eat onion lozenges to discourage young men whom they don't care to cultivate.

—“Darling, it's bed-time. All the chickens have gone to bed.” “Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen.”

—A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he “kept a hot-house.”

—A coquette is a rose-bush, from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.

—The question of the day is whether it is the more difficult for the girl of the period to get her clothes in her trunk or her trunk in her clothes.

—“Mary,” said an old lady, “it is a very solemn thing to get married.” “I know it, mother,” replied Mary, “but it is a solemn thing not to.”

—A private in the army recently sent a letter to his sweetheart, closing with: “May Heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly, John Smith.”

—A young lady being asked by a rich old bachelor, “If not yourself, who would you rather be?” replied sweetly and modestly, “Yours Truly.”

—There is a wicked little lady in Philadelphia who keeps on exhibition photographs of eighty-four unfortunate masculine victims. She calls them her “noble army of martyrs.”

—A little ten-year-old miss told her mother the other day that she was never going to marry, but meant to be a widow, because widows dressed in such nice black, and always looked so happy.

—A rural New Yorker who eloped with a young woman, has written back to his wife that she may sell the furniture, as he probably will never want to use it again. Some men are so considerate.

—A young lady from the rural districts went to Des Moines to see an elephant. In the street-cars the conductor said to her: “Miss, your fare.” “Well, if I am,” she replied, “I don't want any more of your impertinence.”

—An old lady in Connecticut, who lost her purse a short time since at New Haven, declared, on its being restored to her, that she would not attempt to interfere with the reward which was stored up in heaven for the finder, by offering him money.

—A Milwaukee widow, on being cautioned by her minister about flirting, said she knew that it was wrong for unmarried ladies to flirt, but the Bible was her authority. It said “widow's mite.” She was flirting awfully last accounts, her pastor acknowledging that “widow's mite.”

—A St. Louis actress was performing the part of Lady Anne, in King Richard III.; and on delivering the following passage: “When shall I have rest?” she was answered by her washerwoman from the gallery, who exclaimed, “Never, till you pay me my three dollars and a quarter!”

BURNETT'S COCOAINE, FOR PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND PRESERVING THE BEAUTY OF THE HUMAN HAIR.

No other Compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

*It softens the hair when harsh and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.*

LOSS OF HAIR.

Boston, July 19.
Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.: For many months my hair has been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed.
I commenced the use of your Cocaine the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared, the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair.
Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

EAST MIDDLEBORO', MASS., June 9, 1864.
Messrs. Burnett & Co.: My daughter has been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used during that time many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly, that in October, 1861, it all came off.
She was induced to try your Cocaine, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with a fine young hair. In four months the hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft, and fine, and of a darker color than formerly.
With respect,
WILLIAM S. EDDY.

BURNETT'S COCAINE is the BEST and CHEAPEST Hair-Dressing in the world. It promotes the GROWTH OF THE HAIR, and is entirely free from all irritating matter. The name and title thereof is adopted as a Trade-Mark, to secure the public and proprietors against imposition by the introduction of spurious articles. All unauthorized use of this Trade-Mark will be promptly prosecuted.

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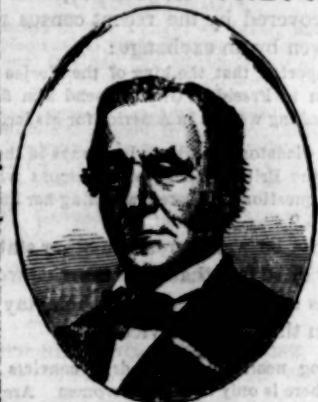
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Made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called “Tonics,” “Appetizers,” “Restorers,” &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and A LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to direction and remain long unwell.

\$100 will be given for an incurable case, provided the bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

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They invigorate the stomach, and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

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Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

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